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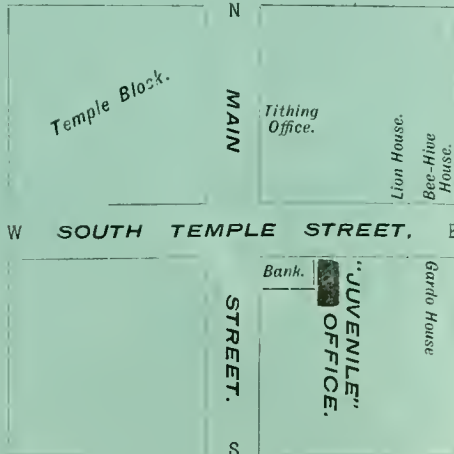
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YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 581.)

ABOUT this time, Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, joined the Israelites, professing faith in the true God. He brought with him

Moses' wife and two sons, who had been left with him.

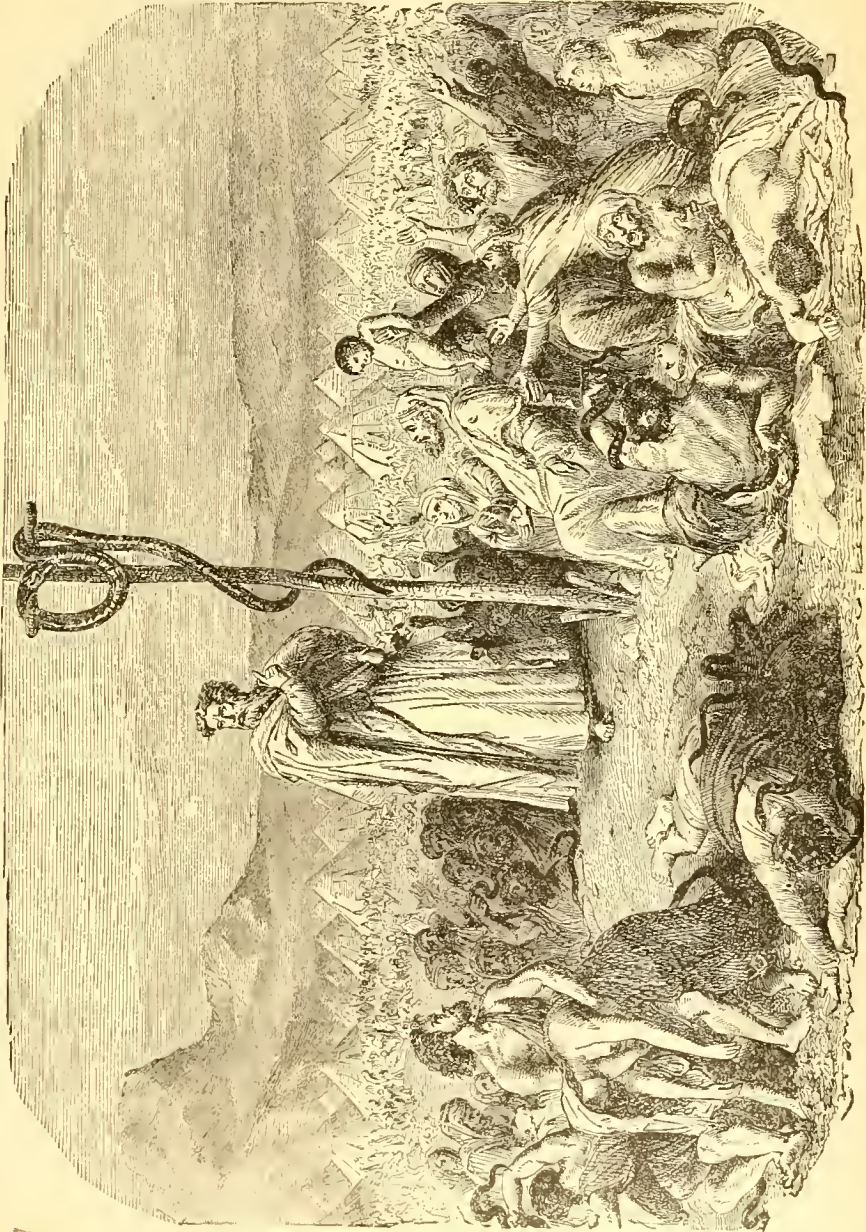
It can be readily seen that Moses had a hard and laborious time trying to keep the Israelites in the path of duty. Murmurs and seditions were frequent, as well as skirmishes with the various tribes with which they



MOSES MEETING HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

came in contact during their wanderings, but by the blessings of God and the faith and wisdom of Moses, they reached the borders of the promised land, in the wilderness of

their journey which illustrates the disposition of the Israelites to murmur against Moses whenever anything went a little wrong. Being in want of water, the people, as usual,



THE SERPENT OF BRASS.

Zin, in the first month of the fortieth year after leaving Egypt. Here Miriam, sister of Moses and Aaron, died.

A circumstance occurred at this stage of

their journey which illustrates the disposition of the Israelites to murmur against Moses whenever anything went a little wrong. Several times during their journeyings they had been miraculously supplied

with water when on the point of perishing for want of it; but they forgot these things at times and embraced every opportunity to vent their wicked feelings on their unoffending law-giver. The Lord commanded Moses to bring water from a rock by speaking only, but Moses, angry with them for their wickedness, smote the rock twice with his rod, speaking at the same time. Water gushed forth abundantly; but for disobedience both Moses and Aaron were forbidden to enter the promised land. In the third month of this year, Aaron died at Mount Horeb, leaving his son Eleazar his successor in the priesthood.

Food and water becoming scarce, the people again began to murmur against Moses. To punish them, the Lord sent a plague of fiery serpents upon them, and many were bitten and died. When they had repented the Lord provided a way of cure. This was only to look in faith upon the brazen image of a serpent. The cure was so simple that many scoffed at the idea and would not do as commanded. These all died, while those who had faith and did as the Lord commanded were healed.

During this year several of the tribes came up against them to destroy them, but they were all defeated.

The number of people prepared to enter the "promised land" were 601,730 men, besides 23,000 Levites.

Moses having had it revealed to him that he would soon die, Joshua was declared his successor, upon whom Moses laid his hands and set him apart for that position and gave him instructions.

An interesting event occurred about this time: 12,000 Hebrews, under Phinehas, conquered the Midianites and took possession of their country. Immediately after, Moses divided that part of Palestine east of the Jordan between Reuben, Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh.

Moses commanded the people that in their passage over Jordan they should set up great stones, on which should be engraven the ten commandments, with the form of blessing

on Mount Gerizim and the form of cursing on Mount Ebal, exhorting them to observe the laws of God by setting before their eyes the benefits they would derive from doing so, and the penalties they would suffer by not doing so.

Having compiled a book of the law for the spiritual and temporal guidance of the people and had it put away in the ark of the covenant, Moses blessed the twelve tribes, with the exception of Simeon, in the form of prophecy. He then went up into Mount Nebo to view the "land of promise" from afar, as he was not permitted to enter it. While there he died, at the age of one hundred and twenty years. His body was translated from Mount Nebo into a valley of Moab, but exactly where he was buried no man ever knew. The Israelites mourned his death for thirty days. This event transpired in 1451 B. C. and 2552½ years from the creation.

On the tenth day of the first month the Israelites, under their new leader, Joshua, son of Nun, proceeded to cross the Jordan river into the promised land. For a second time the waters parted and the children of Israel crossed over dry shod.

Joshua caused twelve stones to be set up as pillars in the bed of the river, and took therefrom twelve other stones, which he set up at their next camping place, at Gilgal.

The next day the practice of circumcision, which had been omitted during the forty years' journey in the wilderness, was renewed.

On the fourteenth day of the first month the first passover was celebrated in the land of Canaan. The next day the supply of manna ceased and the people began to eat of the products of the country and to till the land.

The rule of Joshua is chiefly notable for the victories gained over the tribes inhabiting the land before the Israelites came into it. The most remarkable of these victories was the taking of Jericho. This was accomplished in the following manner, according to the commands of God. A procession was formed of all the armed men, seven priests bearing trumpets of rams' horns, and seven other priest-

bearing the ark of the covenant. These marched around the walls of the city once each day for six days, the priests blowing their trumpets at the same time. On the seventh day they marched around the city seven times to the music of the trumpets. When they had reached their starting point the seventh time the walls of the city fell and all of the inhabitants were put to death except Rahab, a harlot, and her family, who had befriended and saved the lives of two spies sent into Jericho by Joshua.

the portions of Asher and Naphthali, with a small portion to Dan. Immediately adjoining them on the south were Zebulon and the other half tribe of Manasseh. South of Manasseh, was Ephraim, while east of both these extended the portion of Issacher. South of Ephraim was Benjamin, and another small portion to Dan, while still farther south extended the portions of Judah and Simeon. This distribution can be better understood by consulting a map of the land of Canaan than by any verbal explanation. This task accom-



THE FALL OF JERICO.

The city was burned with all that was in it except the gold and silver and the brass and iron vessels. These all went into the treasury of the Lord. Many other cities were taken, among them Ai; in fact, all of the tribes of the country were subdued by the Israelites, and they entered upon their possessions with a fair prospect of peace and prosperity.

The land west of the Jordan was distributed by lot among the remaining nine and one-half tribes in the following order, from north to south. In the extreme north, were

plished, the tribes were required to make a covenant to serve God, after which they were dispersed to dwell in their inheritances. Joshua wrote their covenant in the Book of Laws, and set up a great stone under an oak as a witness of their promises. Joshua died at the age of one hundred and ten years, having been a good man and a great ruler. He was buried in his inheritance at Mount Ephraim.

The body of Joseph, which the Israelites had brought up with them out of Egypt, was

buried in Shechem, in the land of the inheritance of Joseph's children.

After the death of Joshua and those elders who outlived him, and who remembered the great things God had done for Israel, there succeeded a generation of men who forgot God and their true religion.

They intermarried with the idolatrous Canaanites, and even worshiped their idols.

Every man did that which seemed right in

Barak, Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon, Samson, Eli and Samuel.

The Lord, being angry with the Israelites for their transgression of His laws, permitted Cushan, king of Mesopotamia, to come up against them, and many were carried away captive. At the end of eight years, Othniel, son of Kenaz, inspired by God, rose up as the first judge, and the avenger of his people.



RAHAB CONCEALING THE SPIES.

his own eyes; and as every man would probably have a different opinion of what was right, no doubt there was great confusion of ideas on this subject.

From the death of Joshua in 1429 B. C. the country was ruled by judges for 300 years. The names of those who ruled during that time were, in the order of their reigns, as follows: Othniel, Ehud, Deborah and

He defeated Cushan, and delivered Israel.

For forty years, there was again peace and prosperity in the land, but on the death of Othniel the people fell back into their old wicked ways, and were taken captive again, this time by the Moabites and their allies.

This second bondage lasted eighteen years. Then the people repented, and cried to the Lord for deliverance. Their prayers wer

heard, and they were released by the efforts of Ehud, the second judge, who killed 10,000 of the most valiant of the Moabites.

Again there was peace for forty years. Thus it continued, the people alternately relapsing into idolatry and being carried into bondage, then repenting and being delivered therefrom, until they were captives for the sixth time, this last continuing for forty years. Eli, a high priest, was their judge during their captivity under the Philistines.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 589.]

THAT day was one of the three eventful days which burned themselves into both Willard's and Hortense's minds with a vividness never to be wiped out through time or eternity.

The ambulances arrived towards evening, and Hortense insisted on arising and arranging the habitable rooms of the house with all the comfort possible for the sick and suffering heroes. She gave her own spacious room to her loved cousin Oscar, and together she and Willard arranged every comfort for the young man.

Hortense was surprised to find she felt so little inconvenience from the terrible blow she had received on her face, and often spoke to Willard about it, calling his attention to the swift abatement of the swelling and redness. He said nothing of the cause thereof, feeling it better to wait until she knew something of the gospel and its power.

Hortense was installed by the army surgeon at once as chief nurse, the men detailed therefor being her willing but awkward assistants.

Oscar's condition was very doubtful, and the doctor sought to build up his general health before undertaking the second amputation.

"Will," Oscar said the second day, as he lay restless and weary, "bring your Book of Mormon and read to me."

Delighted with the request, Willard drew the precious book from his pocket, where it was always carried along with a small pocket Testament, and choosing some comforting passages in the sayings of the Savior, he read until the sick man's eyes closed in quiet sleep.

This was the first, but by no means the last time that Willard read and explained the beautiful principles of this glorious gospel, and Willard's ardent hope was more than realized by the ardent way in which his friend sought and obtained the knowledge so dear to the honest heart. Especially was he delighted with the principle of redemption of the dead, it seemed so broad, so noble, so Christ-like to his hungry soul.

"When I'm gone," he would say to Willard in his old, careless way, "you can do my business up for me just as well as if I had done it myself; better, too," he would always add with a touch of sad bitterness in his tone.

Willard sought with all the strength of his own earnest hope to instill faith and hope into the heart of his beloved friend. It was useless. Oscar declared he should die. Willard taught him the principle of healing, and often administered to him, but he felt in his own soul that there was small room for hope.

Willard was very anxious to include Hortense in the various conversations he held with Oscar on religious subjects, and whenever possible she seemed a pleased if quiet listener to all the talk.

The severe illness of Oscar, which chained Willard to his side save for short intervals of rest, as well as the heavy and constant labors of Hortense in the many sick chambers of this new hospital, prevented the two from having one moment's conversation alone together. So that insensibly Willard's anxiety lest Hortense should again refuse to go with him when she learned he had another wife in Utah, and her wonderment at the seeming half-indifference of his manner towards her, caused an apparent estrangement between husband and wife.

"Mrs. Gibbs," said the doctor one morning about two weeks after their arrival, "you

can prepare Mr. Randolph for the operation which must take place tomorrow. I dare not delay it a single hour after that."

"Very well," said Hortense, white to the very lips with distress and agitation; "is there hope?"

"I can only answer by repeating that ancient medical truism, 'while there's life there's hope,'" replied the surgeon gravely.

In a few quiet words the necessary information was given to the two friends, and Oscar was the only calm, collected one of the three after the announcement had been made.

"You two must not feel like this; ar'n't you afraid you will shake my nerves?" he asked banteringly.

Willard and Hortense exchanged guiltily mournful glances at their forgetfulness, and then Willard began to speak of the great chain of eternity, of which this sad, old time is but a link, a rusty, often jagged link, but it joins into the grand chain which men call eternity.

"That's a glorious thought, old boy, that there is no stand-still to progression, no stopping place for intelligence. To feel that even after we have reached the great place occupied by our Father in heaven, we shall find Him still far in advance of us in the grand march of progress. Your religion is as broad as eternity and as deathless as love." After a pause he added, "Bury me quietly here where all my fathers lie, and when you reach Utah, do all that you can do for me."

Willard read to him quietly then for some time.

"Oscar," he said, shortly after Hortense had brought in the solitary tallow candle—lights of all kinds were hard to obtain in those war times—"I wish I could persuade you to look on the bright side of this question. I know, I have proven, that one's own faith and hope have much to do with our living and dying. The principle of faith is very far-reaching, and is as much a law subject to understanding and to control as is the law of baptism. Cheer your own spirits up and all may yet go well with you, and I can yet have the pleasure of baptizing you into the truth."

"No, Will, it is not to be. I feel that I am to die, and I am glad that it is so. Let me make a confession. I rather dread the thought of getting well and facing the ridicule of friends if I accepted Mormonism. And I know Mormonism is true. Yes, dear old Will," as he felt the pressure of his friend's affectionate hand-clasp, "I can understand and appreciate the intense love of this gospel which enabled you to forsake friends, home and a lovely wife for the hope of that pure and holy religion. But I am not as morally brave as you are—hush—don't expostulate—it is very true—and I might not have the courage to come out and dare the sneers of my friends."

"Can you, who lie here a hero for a cause, call yourself a coward?"

"Yes, Will, I am a coward. It don't take as much courage to go out to fight, applauded by everyone, even approved of by your own vanity, and go with thousands of others to a probable death surmounted by a halo of glory. But it does make a man wince to be sneered at and scorned by all those whose good opinion he values. It's no use, Will, I'm only a failure after all, in my own, my mother's and even God's eyes. What matter, I shall be called my 'country's defender,' and that is some consolation."

Willard sat with his hands over his aching eyes, and presently the sick man stirred again. Hortense came in just then and she went to the bedside and knelt down quietly.

"Don't feel bad, folks, please; it's all right. God does all things all right. Say, Hortense, I want to say just a word to you. Don't ever let anything come between you and Will again. No matter how you may feel, nor what he may think it is his duty to do, stick to him through thick and thin; just as you promised when you married him. He's worthy of it, dear girl; we've proven that."

"Oh, Oscar, I mean to be true to him," said the wretched girl, as she bowed her head over her hands, but feared to give way to her grief lest it might agitate her cousin.

Willard stroked the bowed head and was deeply stirred at the humble admission from the once reserved and proud girl.

"Willard," Oscar said again, "I have been man enough to ask God to give me an assurance of the truth of what you have told me, and I want to tell you that He has answered my prayers. He has not sent me a vision, I am not a fit subject perhaps for so great a testimony, but He has given to my soul a sweet, peaceful hope and reliance, a firm belief in every principle you have taught me that is an invincible proof to me that Mormonism is true. I am so glad, for it's balm to my soul."

The sick man seemed to find relief in thus unbosoming his inmost thoughts to those two loved ones on this night which he felt was his last upon earth.

"I have never been a very wicked man, Will, and it is a comfort to know I shall be rewarded for the few good deeds I have done, while I shall not suffer for that which I was helpless to prevent."

He lay then a long while in the sputtering candle light. Presently Willard bethought himself of that lovely hymn by E. R. Snow, "O my Father," and although not much of a singer, the beautiful, soul-inspiring words and the intense sympathy which his own feelings gave to the song, made it glorious to the sick man, even beyond the expression of words.

"O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?
In thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside:
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near thy side.

"I had learned to call thee Father,
Through thy Spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me, I've a mother there.

"When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,

Father, mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you."

When the last note died away, the sufferer sighed as if in sweet resignation, and soon after fell into a half-stupor or doze.

The next morning Willard and Hortense took their places on each side of the long table, and just before having the chloroform applied, Oscar whispered to Willard,

"Don't forget me when you get to Zion."

Those were his last words! In three hours from that time Willard drew down the eyelids and composed the features of his dead friend, for the hand of the death angel had grasped the heart of the hero, and one more life had been offered on the altar of duty and country!

Both Willard and Hortense were so overcome with grief for days that a shadow rested over every detail of life. The death of a loved one seems to cloud the mind no less than the heart with a sense of utter hopelessness.

As Willard's mind began to grasp again the realities of life, he felt he had a difficult and severe task before him. Hortense did not dream that he had another wife, indeed she had, as I have heretofore remarked, already secretly wondered why her husband was so careful to treat her with a distant affection that held no hint of wedded relations. The poor, proud girl interpreted it in her own way, and flew to the conclusion that Willard thought her now unworthy of him, and unfit to be his wife, because of the sad experience in the grove. She grew into a state of brooding melancholy over the matter, which prevented her from observing Willard, who was as sad and silent as she, but from a different cause.

Days, weeks passed in this wretched way, until both were becoming almost useless. Neither slept nor ate much, and each saw the other's increasing palor with a sad misunderstanding of the cause. Both were taxed to the utmost with the heavy labors of the hos-

pital, and Hortense was really almost exhausted.

Willard had been there nearly a month and knew if he was to get back to Utah that fall he had no time to lose.

One night he reached a resolve. He was not brave nor wise enough to teach Hortense this strange principle he thought, but he would fast and pray for three days that God might show her His tender mercy.

That day he managed to absent himself from meals without exciting comment, but that night he took his blankets into the woods below, and spent most of the night in struggling prayer. The next day he again escaped comment from all but Hortense who asked him where he was at dinner time. His confused reply and quick turning to another subject roused her curiosity, and she watched him at the supper time.

She was too proud to question him again, but wondered within herself what this phase of conduct could mean? Was he deliberately starving himself to death? This could not be, for she was the one who should die, not he.

Suddenly she remembered hearing him tell Oscar how the Mormons believed in the ancient mode of receiving answers to prayers. Was Willard fasting? And for what? She could not even conjecture. But after much reflection, she decided to be a party to that fast, no matter what its object.

Nothing could better prove the softening influence which trouble and misery had produced on the hitherto defiant heart of Hortense than this little incident. I do not say that trouble and misery will soften all proud hearts, sometimes they seem to dull and harden such souls; but Willard's prayers had prevailed in the heavens, and his wife's heart had been in the hand of God.

The second night was also spent in the knoll-forest by Willard, and he felt already a lifting of his burden. The next day, his eyes seemed to be clearer. He seemed to pierce through the veil of his own anxiety and to see the pale, beloved face of his wife, grown

strangely, haggard and wan. What was the cause? Why was she brooding? Dimly he wondered if he had anything to do with it, or was it the child, or even Oscar's death? Slowly for him the veil between them was lifting, and his heart was instructed.

To Hortense this day of fasting was a very new experience. But as the hours slipped by, she seemed to have a clearer comprehension of her husband, and to know that he, too, was suffering, but not from repugnance to her. When the two would catch each other's glances, there was a mutual soul-cry exchanged for a better understanding, a nearer relation.

That night, the third night of Willard's fast, after he had gone away from the house, Hortense watched him go down the path towards the dense growth of trees which she so shuddered to even glance at, and she stole away to her chamber and kneeling down, humbly asked for light, and for the blessing to be given to her husband which he desired.

Then she hurried down to her sick and suffering soldiers. At last, her night arrangements were all made, and she took up her night watch beside a fevered patient who required periodical attentions.

The hours slipped by. She had in her hands a pamphlet which Willard had given her, and after some time, she read its title. It was a sermon on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant. She knew by this time that the Mormons believed in the patriarchal order of marriage, but her natural repugnance had prevented her seeking any further knowledge on the subject.

The sermon was a powerful one by Elder John Taylor, and she grew more and more interested. Her patient was better, and slept between the times for medicine pretty quietly. At last, about one o'clock, after trimming the candle and arranging her patient again on his pillows, she dozed in her chair. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and then she sprang up out of her chair with a low, happy cry.

Everything was just as she had left it, and

she sat a moment, tears streaming down her face and lost in deep reverie. Just then one of the men nurses came to relieve her for the night, and she went swiftly and quietly down the wide stairway and out to the front door.

The porch was bathed in the soft, July moonlight, and as she opened the door and stood upon the threshold, her husband was upon the terrace steps.

His pale face glowed in the white light, his dark eyes seemed brighter than stars, and he questioned softly.

"Patsy have you come for me?"

"Yes, oh yes," as she sprang into his arms. "O, my husband, I am so happy, so happy."

They sat down in the calm midnight stillness, and listened a moment to the soft and distant sound of the sentry's clanking step.

They were alone, and safe from interruption or from listening ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WASEL" DARROW.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 593.]

WILL DID not return immediately to the room from which he had taken such a peremptory exit but stood leaning against a pile of rails in the front yard, when his father's message, that he would not be expected to join the family any more that night, but would sleep in the barn, reached him. As he lay upon his sleepless bed of hay thinking over the events that had transpired that night, he was aroused by his sister softly calling his name.

"Why, Wasel!" He exclaimed, "How in the world did you come here."

"I felt my way out here, as I always do," she said. Then jocosely added, "I can see as well in the night as by day, I have brought you my blankets and a pillow and, oh, Will, Mr. Frew says he'll help father to punish you."

Without apparently heeding her last remark Will said "you're a good little sister to bring

me these, and you shall go with me when I go away from here."

"Oh dear, Will, are you going off?" she asked a little frightened.

"Not yet awhile, but you must go back to the house now, you'll get cold here," and led her safely down the ladder and out into the yard again.

It was a chilly morning in the following March. The sap of the maples had begun to run freely and the sugar-making season was at hand.

"Oh let me go to the orchard too," pleaded Rachael when she heard her father say that Will would drive the skid that day. Her mother feared the air was too chilly, but on Will's assurance that he would see she was well cared for, she was allowed to go.

"Will yoked his team and lifting Rachael onto the back of old "Bog," the nigh ox, started for the sugar camp walking by her side on the way, to protect her from the scratches of the hazel-brush and briars that grew too near the edge of the hitherto slightly frequented path. At the camp he hitched his team to the skid, a short stout sled, upon which was placed a large barrel. The other workers were there before Will, and a large fire was already burning under each of the great iron kettles,—which held at least forty gallons a piece,—and which rested, or rather hung by their great projecting ears upon the stone walls of the furnace built for them. It used to be Rachael's delight to sit by the crackling fire of beech wood and watch the great oceans of gray sap in the kettles heat to a boiling, seething mass. But now she could only feel the warmth of the fire and hear the hissing of the boiling syrup. So she left the "boilings" and rode upon the skid holding to the side of the big barrel as Will drove from tree to tree emptying the buckets that had filled from the sap that trickled from the wooden grooves inserted in the bark of the trees. He was filling his last barrel when Rachael said seriously, "Do you believe in dreams, Will?"

"Some," he replied, "not all of them. I've heard it said that old women sometimes put

their night caps on wrong side out when they want to dream a dream that will come true."

"No, it is when they put them on inside out and don't know it, that the dream comes true," laughed Rachael. "I don't believe in that kind of dreams either, but I believe in my dream, Will. I've dreamed three dreams that are all alike."

"Tell me the dream you have dreamed three times," said Will as he held the bucket of sap suspended on the side of the barrel.

"I dreamed," said she, "that we went down to the knoll where we used to gather the first sweet Williams, you know, and a peddler came there and gave me some salve that made me see again. That is why I wanted to come here today, for I want you to take me there for I believe the dream is a true one."

"I believe it too," said her brother. "We'll go to the knoll right away."

Driving the skid up by the side of the huge tank or trough that held the "raw" sap he unyoked his team and, leaving them to browse among the trees, took his sister by the hand and led her away to the knoll to await the coming of the subject of her vision. They waited a long time and the sun was getting low before their patience was rewarded by the appearance of a man emerging from a path that led into the wood.

At sight of the man Will grasped his sister's hand and would have hurried her away from what he supposed to be an escaped lunatic had not the man's voice arrested him. "Do not hurry away. Did you think me crazy?" said he as he came up to them.

"Your appearance didn't strike me very pleasantly," confessed Will. "Why do you travel without a hat?"

"I had the misfortune yesterday evening to fall into the hands of some roughs who relieved me of my hat and coat, but I still maintain an equilibrium of brain I hope," said the man laughingly.

"And did they take your pack from you?" asked Rachael.

"I carried only a satchel," replied the man, "but they relieved me of that also, but

I managed to get out of their clutches before they did me much bodily harm, and was glad to spend the night in peace in the woods."

"Then did they destroy all your salves and ointments?" queried she earnestly.

The stranger looked puzzled and Will hastened to explain. "My sister and I came here today to meet a peddler who was to give her some ointment for her eyes; she is blind sir, has been blind for more than a year."

"I should be sorry to disappoint your sister," said he, "but I am not a peddler of salves and ointments, I am a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Rachael moved forward and grasped the stranger by the arm while she sobbed, "Oh, sir, you can give me something to cure my eyes, I *know* you can!"

"It was all a dream that she had, sir," said Will, as he tried to explain the cause of his sister's emotion.

A sudden gleam of light swept over the stranger's countenance. "My child," said he, "I have no salves nor ointments made by mortal hands, but such as our Father has given me may He give to you also," and laying his hands upon her head pronounced a blessing upon her. Having asked their parents' names, they told him, and also told him that they were members of the Baptist church.

"And I presume," said he, "that their children are all good members of the Baptist church also."

"No, sir," promptly replied Will, "I'm not. I don't believe in any of the churches. I used to before I was old enough to see for myself that there is no gospel in any of them."

Strong words, but the stranger was evidently interested, and he invited the boy to a seat beside him on a log, while he led him on to a further declaration of his sentiments, to which he at length replied. "The Lord, my young friend, is no respecter of persons. He loves the children of the present day, the same as those of earlier ages, and those precious gifts, the power of healing, etc.,

which you term the *best* gifts of the gospel, are with His people on the earth today."

"But where can we find this people?" asked Will. "They're neither in the Baptist nor Methodist churches, for these gifts are not there, neither have I heard of them being with any of the other churches."

The stranger opened a small Bible and read aloud the 6th verse of the 14th chapter of Revelations.

"Now," said he, "the everlasting gospel spoken of here is the gospel that Christ taught, having with it all the gifts and blessings that were with the church in that early day."

"When will that angel come?" eagerly inquired the boy.

"He has come," was the reply, "and man has seen him, and received the gospel from his hands."

"Oh, can *we* not see him?" cried they both in one voice, "tell us more about him."

"No, I'll tell you no more now," said he, "I'll visit your parents at their home in a few days, when I will tell you more. Say nothing to anyone of your meeting with me here, but pray to God for light and wisdom. I must now seek a little food and rest, for I am very hungry and tired."

"Come with us to the sugar camp," said Will, "we eat our suppers there, and there will be plenty for you." He followed the children to the camp and shared their meal, which was eaten from the leveled top of a low stump. As he arose to depart Will said to him. "Will you take my hat, sir? I've another at home."

The man thanked the boy, and gratefully accepted the proffered hat.

The children went home with a flood of light pervading their souls. They talked much between themselves about the stranger and what he had told them, and they silently prayed for his return.

There was great rejoicing in the Darrow household when the rays of light began to break through the veil that had shrouded Rachael's vision so long, and they knew she would see again; and when again she walked

in the broad light of day with her sight fully restored their joy was so great that the two children could scarcely restrain themselves from confessing the means by which this great blessing had been given. But they remembered the charge that had been given them, and held their peace.

There was great commotion among the good people of Waffleton. Notice had been given that there would be a religious meeting held in the log school-house. I do not mean that there was anything particularly sensational in the fact of this notice, for religious revivals were not uncommon in that neighborhood. But the fact that it had aroused the antagonism of their minister Mr. Frew, and thrown him into a very fever of excitement, was sufficient to stir up the wonder and curiosity of his whole flock. It was known that the proprietors of the meeting had solicited from Mr. Frew the use of his church for their meeting and had been refused, and that they had spent some time in conversation with him on the subject of their doctrine, which he had considered to be of such terrible import that an immediate warning to the people against it was necessary. Accordingly he had gone from house to house telling such extravagant stories about the preachers and their pernicious doctrine, that many a staid old farmer, who otherwise would have given the meeting scarcely a passing thought, determined, in spite of the fear of a pulpit exposure, to go and see and hear these wonderful things for themselves, so by the time evening closed in he had secured for the preacher's meeting quite a large turn out.

Mr. Frew felt that it was a critical hour. He called at the house of Mr. Darrow on his way home that evening. "Something must be done Silas," said he. "That meeting must be broken up at all hazards. Can't you set the 'Hodges crowd' to work?"

The "Hodges crowd" had been noted for breaking up revivals, spoiling camp meetings, ruining district schools, etc. There were more than a half dozen of them—daring rascals they were, as Mr. Frew from his own ex-

perience could testify; but he felt justified in this emergency, in stirring up the demon among them again.

Silas laid down the whip he was braiding, took down his hat and tying a comforter around his neck prepared to go out. The manner in which he did all these things gave assurance that he could be depended upon. "Tell them a little taste of tar will not hurt the fellows, if they don't abuse them any," and Mr. Frew chuckled.

Will was much distressed at the non-appearance of their friend of the woods. A week had passed since he promised to visit them, yet he had not come. After Silas' departure he sat by the fire pondering these things when there came a rap on the window and a voice from one of a crowd outside said, "come find your tar bucket for us, Will."

He acceded to their demand and went out and gave them the bucket of tar. Noticing they carried a large, curious-looking object he asked its use. "Oh" said they, "they say them preachers is a going to treat 'em to the sight of an angel tonight, and when they get just about ready to haul theirn down, we'll treat 'em to a real natural one, we will."

"Come on," called out one. "We want to be airy."

Behind a clump of hazel nut brush near the edge of the school-house clearing they left the bucket of tar until the time when they should need it, while the apparatus which was to represent the angel they took with them to the door.

"Suppose we go in a while, Dord," said Ike Hodge, "and see what they look like and what they've got to say any way, before we begin the kicking."

The rest agreed, and leaving one of their number to guard the "angel" they all went in. Services had already begun, and when the Hodge crowd entered, the anxious faces in the congregation told plainly there was fear of mischief. Will went back to his study by the fire. What the boys had said about the preachers and the angel kept running through his mind; he could not help

connecting it in some way with what the stranger had said to them in the woods.

He grew restless and uneasy and finally put on his hat and coat and started for the meeting, where he arrived soon after the other boys had.

The first preacher was an elderly man. After reading his text, a selection from the Bible, he removed his glasses, and in a voice of quiet humility addressed his congregation. His sermon, which was upon the subject of the gospel as administered by Jesus Christ, His sufferings, death and resurrection, was so grand, and breathed a spirit so different from what the people had been led to expect, that they were spell bound. Not a move had been made by the rioters during the whole sermon. The guard outside grew tired of his position, and leaving the "angel" to take care of itself he also slipped quietly inside to see what detained the rest of his companions. Then the other preacher arose, and Will's heart gave a fearful throb. He could scarcely believe his eyes; but it was none other than he for whose return they had so anxiously looked and prayed, and there on a peg above the preacher's head hung the identical hat he had given him. Oh what emotions thrilled him! "Would the boys dare to maltreat him?"

The preacher opened his Bible and delivered the same text he had read that day to the children. Then followed a discourse more grandly eloquent than any they had ever heard before. For one hour he held his audience while he announced the restoration of the gospel as revealed anciently and the manner of the restoration, a recital of the finding of the plates by Joseph Smith and the translating of the Book of Mormon. Tar bucket and "angel" were alike forgotten in that hour. Another meeting was appointed for the following morning with the notice that if there were any candidates for baptism it would be attended to also. A hymn was sung and the meeting dismissed. One by one the "Hodges crowd" had slipped from the room. The first one out probably carried off the frightful angel, for when the rest came

out it had flown somewhere and the tar bucket may yet be setting behind the clump of hazel brush, at any rate it was never returned to Mr. Darrow's barn.

Will hastened home; he aroused his sleeping parents and brothers and sisters and, being no longer able to contain himself, told them all who the preachers were and their message and of the meeting of the one of them in the woods, and implored them to go to the meeting on the morrow and receive the glorious message and be baptized.

The rage, disappointment and astonishment of Mr. Frew knew no bounds when he learned that some three dozen members of his church—including Mr. Darrow, his wife and two children, Will and Rachel, besides three of the "Hodges crowd" had been baptized by these Mormon preachers.

Mr. Darrow took the Mormon elders to his home and during the two days they remained there Rachael had the privilege of beholding the Book of Mormon and reading a few pages of it, and I may as well insert here, that they were the first printed pages her renewed sight had rested upon.

After the day of Mr. Darrow's baptism Mr. Frew treated him with a studied coolness; this was a comfort to Mr. Darrow for he could bear silent contempt better than open censure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLOBE GLEANINGS.

BISMARCK'S KICKER.

THE ex-chancellor of Germany has always been remarkable for the violence of his temper, and more than once in early life was he reprimanded for his passionate utterances. At one time he was acting as a law-court reporter. After passing his examination at the University of Berlin he was appointed law reporter in one of the city courts. He one day got into a dispute with a stupid witness and threatened to kick him out of the court-house. The judge rebuked the young reporter, and

said he would attend to all the kicking out that was to be done.

"See," said Bismark to the witness; "though I may not kick you out myself, I will get the judge to do it for me."

CURATIVE POWERS OF WATER.

We commend the following instructions concerning the uses to which water can be put in cases of sickness to our many readers. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water, wrung out and then applied over the seat of pain in the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield in ten minutes to this. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed time is the best of cathartics in case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels.

In this connection it is interesting to know that a distinguished children's doctor believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artificially, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving the solid too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of

temperature are often due to not having it. A free supply of water and restricting the frequency of nursing have been found at the nursery to be a most effectual check in case of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality and marked reduction in the number of gastric and intestinal complaints being attributed to this cause.

A WOMAN'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING WOMEN'S CAPABILITIES.

The wife of Senator Reagan of Texas acts as her husband's private secretary, and draws the usual salary of \$1,200 per annum from the disbursing officer of the Senate. In an interview, published in an eastern paper Mrs. Reagan justifies her action, and has some interesting things to say about how women can learn to be useful and earn their own living. Mrs. Reagan says:

"There is an impression that our Southern women are indolent. I was born and bred in the South, and I know many examples of spirited women among us who have business talent who manage their domestic affairs without friction, controlling a number of servants, or even lending a hand in the domestic work of the household when necessary. This was true to a limited extent before the war when they had slaves.

"My personal feeling is that it would be a happy thing if our young women generally could be trained so as to have one accomplishment so thoroughly learned as to make it a dependence in case of reverses, for the wheel of fortune turns round South as well as North. I think it degrading when a young woman is so situated that she has to look to marriage as a resource or succor, rather than a free choice. For twenty years I have been acting as the Senator's private secretary. I did it simply because he did not like to confide all his purely personal correspondence to the eyes of a comparative stranger; and little by little I got to doing more, until once the idea occurred to me that I like others, would get on faster if I learned shorthand. The Senator generally keeps two men secretaries to at-

tend to public business, and at one time he had a good stenographer who lent me books, and as I had not much else to do just then, I looked into them and thought it not too difficult for even me to learn, but on confiding my views to a lady friend she declared that I never could do it. Well, I did, and it took me just three months of hard, painstaking work to be able to write at dictation. I never had a teacher. I dug it out myself. I have no idea of my speed, nor do I ever expect to report, but I find it very useful.

"The stenographer afterward left the Senator's employ, and as a temporary expedient I offered my services, not for the money, but to be of use to my husband. But he nor I cannot tell why, if I do the work as well as another, I should not have the pay. I have no idea how long this arrangement will last. The way we manage is this: Right after breakfast the Senator dictates a dozen or so letters to me. I take them down and he goes off about his business, and I then write them out and mail them at once, at least twenty-four hours earlier than they would be under the old way, when he dictated for long hand. I do not doubt but what every woman, young or middle-aged, can find a means of employing her time to advantage and to the benefit of those around her. Even if she cannot thereby obtain money, she can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is training and educating herself."

WHERE CAMPHOR COMES FROM.

Although camphor is so generally used it is probable that many are not familiar with the sources from which it comes. It is obtained by evaporation in stills from the wood of camphor trees. The camphor tree is an evergreen of considerable size, having the aspect of the linden, with a straight trunk below, but divided above into many branches, covered with a smooth greenish, bark. The tree is a native of China, Japan and other parts of Eastern Asia.

The variety known as Japan camphor is lighter in color than the Formosa—occasion-

ally of a pinkish tint—and is somewhat higher in price. There is a variety known as ngai, which is worth about ten times the price of Formosa and never finds its way to Europe as an article of trade. Camphor has stimulant properties and is frequently used in medicine, both internally and externally.

Camphor in the crude state is brought to this country chiefly from Canton. It comes also from Batavia, Singapore, Calcutta and frequently from London. All of it is probably derived originally from China and Japan. Two commercial varieties are found in the market. The cheapest and most abundant is the Chinese camphor, most of which is produced in the Island of Formosa and thence taken to Canton. It comes in chests lined with lead, each containing about one hundred and thirty pounds. It is in small grains or granular masses of a dirty white color, frequently mixed with impurities. The other variety is variously called Japan, Dutch, or tube camphor, the first name being derived from the place of its origin, the second from the people through whom it was introduced into commerce, and the third from the recipient in which it is often contained.

Crude camphor, as brought from the East, is never found in the shop of the apothecary. It must be refined before it can be used for medicinal purposes. The process for refining camphor was first practiced in Europe by the Venetians, who probably derived it from the Chinese. It was afterward transferred to the Dutch, who long enjoyed a monopoly of the business; and it is only within a few years that the process has been generally known. It is now practiced largely in this country, and the camphor refined in our domestic establishments is equal to any formerly imported.

A DOCTOR'S SUCCESS.

Two young men graduated from a well-known medical school, and both went into practice in New York. One was a bright fellow and hard worker and a modest man, the other a man of showy parts and not given to

overwork. The latter soon secured a handsome practice. The other got little practice, and, when making a call upon his classmate, remarked, "How is it, J., that you, who never worked in school, who often came to me for assistance over knotty matters, which I rendered (and J. admitted all as stated), have a large practice, while I am not yet earning a living?"

"Come to the window and I will explain to you the whole case. Of every hundred persons you see passing up street, eighty at least are fools. I am doctoring the eighty, while you are attending to the twenty wise men."

Weiss Wenig.

THE COST OF RUNNING A TWIN SCREW PASSENGER SHIP.

WHAT does it cost to run a palatial twin screw racer across the Atlantic? That is the question which the New York *Sun*, for the enlightenment of many inquiring readers, recently put to the New York agents of several big steamship companies. The questioner was about to file the query away with a lot of other unsolved riddles of the sea, when he strolled into the office of the Hamburg-American line. There he obtained the information which had been withheld at every other office. Agent E. L. Boas dissipated, as well as he was able, the mystery that had enshrouded the little problem. A midsummer trip of the magnificent *Normannia* was the theme of his calculation. The *Normannia* is not quite as big as the twin screw boats of the White Star and Inman lines, but her expense account, owing to the greater length of her voyage, is just as formidable. The cost of running her from her dock in the Teutonic town of Hoboken, to her dock in the town of Hamburg, no less than Teutonic, perhaps is about the same as the cost of running the City of Paris from New York to Liverpool.

When the *Nomannia* starts on an eastward voyage she carries nearly 3,000 tons of coal in her protected bunkers. Some of this is

American and some foreign soft coal, and it costs about \$3.50 a ton. The sooty stokers daily shovel into her roaring red furnaces between 250 and 300 tons. The expenditure for coal runs just short of \$1,000 a day, or nearly \$8,000 for the voyage. The cost of the gallons and gallons of oil used to keep her ponderous triple-expansion engines, her dynamos, her numerous smaller engines, her pumps, and so on, running smoothly, combined with the coal bill, is quite \$8,500.

The salaries of the big ship's company are not an unimportant factor in the expense account. Among the 300 persons who look after the working of the racer and the comfort of her passengers, are, besides cool-headed Captain Hebach, 8 officers, 1 surgeon, 25 engineers and machinists, 2 pursers, 5 boatswains, 28 seamen, 114 firemen, 65 waiters and waitresses, 22 cooks, bakers and assistants, 2 carpenters, 1 barber, and 14 skilled musicians. The total wages of these for a trip of eight days is about \$2,000, not counting perquisites.

Captain Hebach receives the highest salary. It varies between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a year, and depends somewhat on the earnings of the ship, of which he receives a small percentage. This is the way the skippers of all the colossal racing craft are paid and it is not likely that any of them are going to cease racing, or to be censured for it, as long as a fast trip means money in their pockets and in the coffers of their company. Every hour the captain of the City of New York saves means a saving in coal alone of \$50.

Next in importance to the captain of an ocean speeder is the chief engineer. He is not as frequently visible to the cabin passengers as his gold-laced superior, and nobody makes much fuss over him, but he is, in the opinion of his employers, a very big man indeed. He is the man who makes the great ship "git up and git." He submits daily reports of how things are going on down below to the captain. He tells how many tons of coal he is using, how much indicated horse power he obtains, and the number of

revolutions the ship's propellers make a minute. If he doesn't get as much speed out of the clanking twin giants as the captain thinks he ought to, the captain pats him on the back and tells him to whoop her up, like a good fellow. It is essential to the captain's interest that he should be friendly with the boss of the mighty machines. For his great work the chief engineer receives \$160 a month and his board, which is equal to that of the cabin passengers. The chief officer receives \$80 a month, which is more than the captains of many steamships of the second class get. The food and drink consumed by passengers and crew during a recent trip of the Normannia cost about \$16,000.

From the foregoing facts and figures it may be said that one trip of the Normannia costs the Hamburg-American line not less than \$25,000. To offset this expenditure, which does not include the cost of insurance, the Normannia must carry many passengers and some freight. The number of her passengers varies, of course, according to the season. She carries in midsummer sometimes nearly 500 first and second cabin and about 300 steerage voyagers. The average price of a first cabin passage is about \$110, and that of a second cabin about \$60. The average price of steerage accommodations is \$22. The receipts from all classes of passengers on a good midsummer trip are over \$50,000. Usually the Normannia carries 800 tons of freight, which, at the transportation rate of about \$10 a ton, amounts to \$8,000. The cost of loading and unloading this freight is borne by the company. In the dull season the big twin screw ships do not make much, but their receipts throughout the year are large enough to warrant the declaration that they are great successes financially, and that they are the passenger ships of the future.

MODESTY is silent when it would be improper to speak; is humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Our Church Schools—The Testimony of the Truth.



HE Church schools are doing a great deal of good. Still they do not furnish education for the whole of our children. Last year there was an attendance of not to exceed six thousand. This is an excellent beginning, considering the difficulties in the way, and the want of means, and the heavy taxes the people have to pay to sustain district schools. The question has arisen, How shall the remainder of our children, who do not have the advantages of attending the Church academies, obtain the training which they need in the principles of our religion? It is very well to have five or six thousand taught theology; but the school population of this territory numbers far more than this, and our children form the great majority; how shall these be reached and be taught the principles of our religion? It is true, the Sunday schools are performing a good work in this direction; but they are not sufficient.

The General Board of Education took this question into consideration at a recent meeting, and after examining it pretty thoroughly, it was decided to make arrangements for the children in settlements where there is no academy to be gathered together each day for a short time or on Saturday of each week, and under the direction of a suitable teacher, who shall be selected and licensed for the purpose, be instructed in the principles of theology as they are taught in the Church academies. This is not quite as perfect an arrangement as we would like; for we would like to have all our children taught in schools where theology forms a part of the regular course. At the present time, however, this is impracticable. The next best plan that

can now be thought of is to use either a part of each school day or a part or the whole of Saturday of each week, and gather the children together and instruct them in the principles of our religion. This, in addition to the Sunday school teaching, will have a marked effect upon the rising generation and will counteract any wrong ideas which may be in the children's minds concerning the Deity and the plan of salvation.

The Leaflets which are now issued by the Sunday School Union are of the utmost value in teaching the children, as they throw much light and information upon all the subjects concerning which they treat. Some persons do not seem to appreciate their value; but if they are examined carefully and the children are encouraged to master their contents, the good results which will follow will make clear to the minds of those who have doubts that they are an excellent means of educating children in the principles upon which they treat. It should be the aim of all who have the children of the Latter-day Saints in charge to give them a thorough understanding of the doctrines of the gospel. When they learn these, the systems of religion taught among men in Christendom will have no attraction for our young people. They will see their fallacies and feel their barrenness when contrasted with the principles of the gospel.

Men get tired of listening to the sermons which are preached concerning popular religion as now believed in by the world. It does not affect the soul. It does not impart light and intelligence to many minds. It furnishes no comfort to a great many. They become weary of it and pay no attention to it, because it does not give them satisfaction. There is this peculiarity about the principles of the gospel: they are always fresh and sweet, especially when the Spirit of God accompanies the teaching of them, and they never become stale nor trite. One may hear a discourse about the first principles of the gospel when it is delivered by the Spirit of God, and it will enlighten the mind and cheer and comfort the spirit, though the

hearer may be thoroughly familiar with those principles and may have heard them spoken upon hundreds of times. It is this which makes the gospel of the Lord Jesus so attractive.

It should be the aim of every parent to have his child thoroughly grounded in the principles of the gospel. Boys or girls who grow up without faith are of no special interest to their friends who have faith in the gospel, because their efforts are not for the building up of Zion. They are alienated; they have other objects in view. But every child that is properly brought up among us will take more delight in working for the spread of truth and the increase of righteousness than in any other labor.

We trust that Professor Karl G. Maeser, the Superintendent of Church schools, will find it convenient to establish schools in the various wards such as we have alluded to, and also find teachers who will be suitable to take charge of them, and who will make it a pleasure to attend regularly and to see that the pupils are also regular in their attendance.

WE ARE asked by one of our brethren whether it is possible for a man, by means of his five senses alone, independent of the Holy Ghost, to know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God, as he says one of the brethren has asserted that he had this testimony through his outer senses.

Our reason for answering through the columns of the JUVENILE is that he says this statement has given rise to some discussion among the Saints who heard the statement.

To begin with, the perfect use of our senses is only given to us by the aid of the Spirit of God and the light that cometh from Him; and while it is possible for men to reason upon various subject and satisfy their minds concerning truth, still the highest testimony that a human being can have respecting Joseph being a prophet, or of our Lord Jesus being the Savior, is the testimony of the Holy Ghost. The Lord has given light and intelligence to His children, by means of which they are

able to arrive at a knowledge concerning many things. This is done through the instrumentality of the Spirit of God. Men can satisfy themselves that Jesus is the Savior of the world by reasoning upon it and adducing evidences that are open to the outer senses, and yet they cannot reach such a conclusion without the aid of the Spirit of God. Paul says: "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." The same may be said in relation to the knowledge of Joseph Smith being a prophet of God.

For a man to say he knows a spiritual truth by the aid of his outer senses, is a rash and ill-considered expression, and it should not give rise to discussion, but should be understood as being made without due consideration. Profitless discussions frequently arise among our people upon remarks that really are not entitled to weight and have no importance in and of themselves.

THE VATICAN AT ROME.

OF ALL the sights and edifices to be seen in the famous city of Rome, the Vatican is the most interesting.

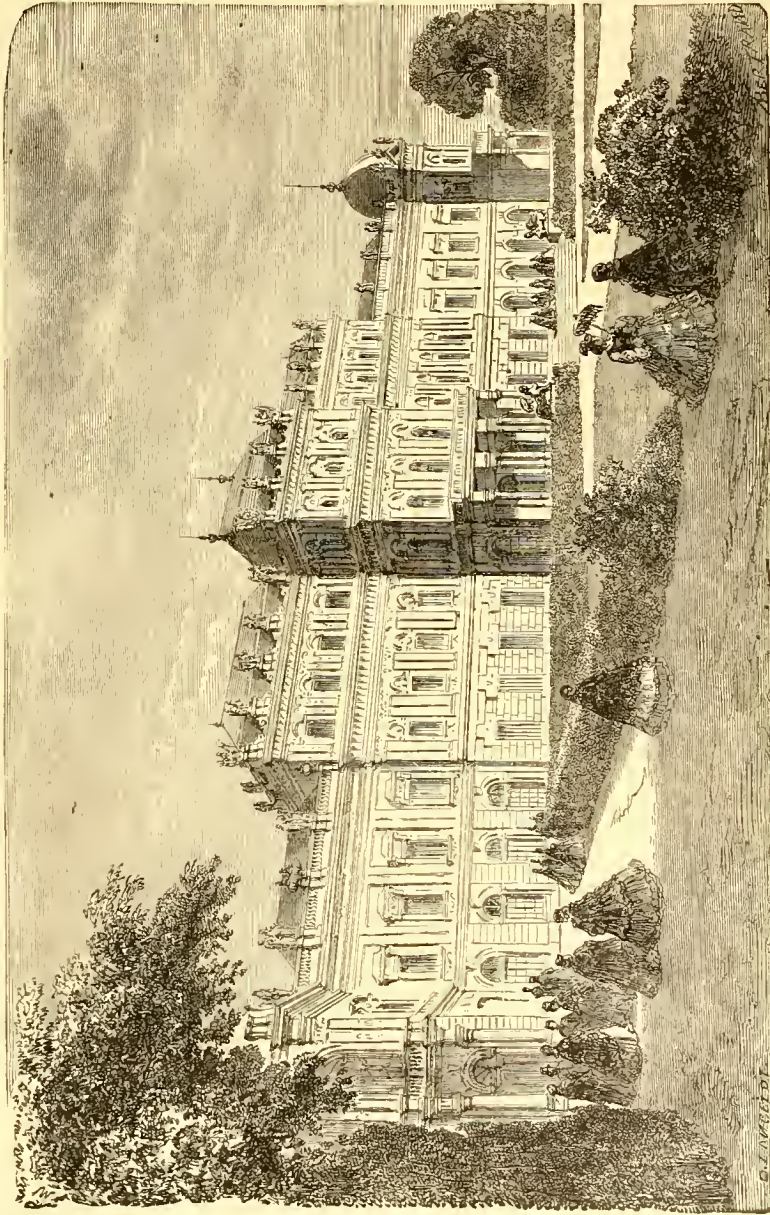
What is known as the Vatican is a vast collection of buildings used for various purposes, and all grouped together, forming one great mass of architectural structures. These buildings cover many acres of ground. To give you an idea of their extent and size it is only necessary to state that the Vatican contains over four thousand apartments. Some of these rooms are long galleries half a mile in length. To reach the upper rooms in the building there are over two hundred staircases.

The building here represented, called the Belvedere, is only a part of the great structure, and gives but a meager idea of the extent of the whole mass. Close to this group of buildings is the church of St. Peter, the largest church edifice in the world. This magnificent edifice is more than a quarter of a mile in length.

As stated above, the Vatican is used for

many purposes. It contains chapels, palaces, libraries, etc. It is and has been for centuries the residence of the pope, or chief of the Catholic church. In its museum and art gal-

been gathered from the ruins of ancient Roman cities. Then there are numerous paintings by famous old masters, and curiosities in abundance. The library contains a



BELVEDERE, A PART OF THE VATICAN, AT ROME.

leries are to be found vast collections of ancient relics and specimens of both ancient and modern art. There are great numbers of ancient statues and sculpture work which have

large number of valuable and rare volumes, and is said to be the most beautifully decorated of any in Europe.

To view all the curious and interesting ob-

jects to be found in the Vatican would require several weeks' time, and it would take a whole volume to contain a description of these things.

The buildings themselves have been many centuries in course of erection and improvement. Many of the successive popes who have resided there have added to the buildings from time to time, and have embellished them with beautiful and costly decorations. Some of the greatest artists of modern times have been employed to do this work. In some of the halls may be seen the fresco work and other decorations by the renowned Michael Angelo, Raphael and other celebrated painters. Altogether the buildings are magnificent and present an imposing appearance to the beholder.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

President Woodruff's Manifesto.

THE exciting topic among us today, I suppose, is the manifesto issued by President Woodruff concerning plural marriage. No doubt this will give rise to widespread discussion and it may be that some difference of opinion will exist in regard to it. It is a grave matter, and calls forth deep thought upon the part of all true Latter-day Saints.

This is an instance which illustrates the constant necessity of men and women living so as to have the Spirit of God in their hearts that they may know for themselves concerning the correctness of doctrine which may be taught or the propriety of steps which may be taken. We are compelled, if we would progress as we should do, to live in this manner. Nothing can be clearer to people of experience in the Church than the truth of the words of the Lord through the Prophet Isaiah, that, "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." We cannot measure, by our human wisdom and foresight, the purposes of the Almighty.

The ways that we might think would lead to success might only result in disaster; and on the other hand, the ways that we would perhaps esteem injurious might be most beneficial. God has taken care of His work thus far, and His promise is that He will continue to do so.

The record which the Latter-day Saints have made in relation to this principle has not been lost upon the world. It is one of which none need feel ashamed. We have contended for our right to obey this principle as long as it has been wisdom or necessary to do so. We have protested in the strongest way possible, to us, against any interference with this part of our religion. We have employed the best legal talent that we could get to defend it upon constitutional grounds. There is nothing in this direction that could be done which we have not done, as we have been filled with anxiety to make our record a complete one. In addition, hundreds have gone to prison, and in doing so have testified to the world that they were sincere, that they believed the command concerning plural marriage to be from God, and the course which they pursued was prompted by conscientious motives. How easy it would have been, if our practices had been based upon lust, to have come out and renounced this doctrine and then followed the ways of the world, against which but little objection would be raised. The object, as it has been understood among us, in the Lord revealing plural marriage, was to save the race from the destructive influences that were sweeping over the earth like a flood. It was for the purpose of raising a righteous seed unto the Lord; to have a pure people, among whom virtue and chastity would be honored and preserved; to have a society where women would be pure and uncorrupted, and where man would be expected to conform to as high a standard of virtue as woman.

The nation has said that this system of ours cannot be tolerated; that it is a foreign feature in its civilization, and it must be abolished.

After taking all these measures to make our views known, and to vindicate ourselves against the charges which have been so industriously circulated against us, the time has come when, in the mind of the Lord, it is proper for us to come forward and announce to the world that we are ready to submit to the decision that has been made and to conform to the law that has been enacted against us. The nation now has to bear the responsibility. We have done our duty, and, I believe, stand acquitted before the Lord. I have the best of reasons for believing that He has accepted of the sacrifices of the people for this principle, and now says, "It is enough, leave it now with the nation, and it will be for me to judge it."

What is there that we could do that has not been done? It is true, we might have gone forward and become martyrs; persisted in carrying this principle out in utter defiance of all that this government or nation could do. We might have gone so far as to have our temples taken from us; our property, both Church and private, confiscated; our leading men incarcerated in prison, and perhaps killed, and the people subjected to a great many woes. But the Lord has not led His servant, whom He has placed to guide this people, to take such a course. His Spirit has prompted every step that has been taken. His mind and will has been sought for diligently, and it has been communicated freely to His servants. In this late important step, also, the Lord has been appealed to, and He has shown the path to be pursued. The results are with Him. He will bring them about to suit His own purposes.

As to the Saints, especially to the women and children, I feel that all will be right. God has seen the offerings of His people. He knows their hearts, and the purity of the motives which prompted them in their actions; and He will sustain and comfort them, and in His own time will give them the promised reward.

Probably at no Conference for a long time has the Spirit of the Lord been poured out in

greater power than at this Conference which has just passed. The Elders who spoke did so with great plainness, and their teachings were accompanied by the power of God. No one could be present and hear the instructions without feeling, if he had the Spirit of the Lord, that they were from God. There was a testimony accompanying that which was said that carried it home to the hearts of the people. It seemed necessary that this should be the case, because of the character of the business to be transacted. If there had been but little of the Spirit present, and the meetings had been cold and lifeless, the action of the Conference would not have been so satisfactory, and many would have gone away doubtful in their hearts as to the propriety of that which had been done. But there was great unanimity shown in all the proceedings, and there never has been a gathering of the Church of larger numbers and more union than at this recent Conference.

The Editor.

ROSA BONHEUR; OR, HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

IN A simple home in Paris, some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family, for they had four little mouths beside their own to feed. There were August, and Isadore, and Juliette, and, lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother, tired with hard work, died when Rosa was about eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa didn't like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods, gathering daisies and marigolds.

So her father thought if she did not love school she must learn something useful, and

tried to have her taught sewing, but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing school that she had to be taken away.

Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio, copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat. She found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter-pens of Paris, and sat on a bundle of hay with her colors about her, drawing and painting, while the butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting it graze on the grass outside would bring it back to its garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the fine art exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and encouraged her to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English government. Her own government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter. He was at once made the director of the government school of design for girls.

Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do. Four years later, after long months of study, she painted "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired,

both in England and America. It was sold first to an Englishman for *eight thousand dollars*, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day, after she had become famous, the empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a short call, the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honor that the empress could bestow.

A LEAF FROM ELDER LORENZO SNOW'S EXPERIENCE.

AS AN instance of the course which the Spirit once suggested and which resulted in good, Apostle Lorenzo Snow relates the following incident from his missionary experience in England:

Myself and companion were once traveling in a locality where there were no Saints. We were without money and had applied at several places for food and lodging, but without success. Finally we came to an inn or hotel, and, after stating to the proprietor that we were ministers of the gospel, requested him to give us a meal and bed.

For a moment he eyed us curiously and then said, "Gentlemen, it is our custom at this house to give food and lodging for money, and if you are not provided with this, I think you had better move on."

Disappointed, we started on, when the Spirit whispered to me that I had not done all my duty with regard to that man, and I turned back.

"Mister," I said, "you have a perfect right to refuse us your hospitality, but I desire you to understand that in doing so you are turning away the servants of God, and for this

you will stand condemned in the day of judgment." I quoted to him concerning the time when Christ will come in His glory and there will be gathered before Him all nations, and He will separate the sheep and the goats. The former will be called to receive of the blessings of the kingdom because they cared for His servants, while the goats, because they failed to do so, shall be thrust out. "You may be one of the latter," I continued, and then turned to leave.

Before we had proceeded far he called out, "Hold on, gentlemen, don't go away angry. Come in, come in, you look as though you had plenty of money."

We entered his house and were most pleasantly entertained. He also sent out to his neighbors and called together quite a company, to whom we had the opportunity of bearing our testimony during the evening.

After a good night's rest we were given an excellent breakfast, and were sent on our way without any request whatever for pay for our accommodations.

III. III.

A LOVING, GENTLE HEART.

THE eye may lose its luster, and the ruddy cheek grow pale,
The limbs forget their lightness, and the strength of body fail;
The locks may turn to gray;
The power of thought decay,
And age will make its furrows, and strength and youth depart,
But ne'er will be forgotten a gentle, loving heart.

The beauteous water-lily, the fragrant mountain flower,
Seem buoyant in the sunshine, but dread the wintry hour;
For at the storm-king's breath
They shrink away in death.
Thus outward charms decline at Time's destructive dart;
Still grant me the endowment of a sympathizing heart.

Though wealth may prove a blessing, how oft a gilded snare,
Corrupting and corroding the mind with anxious care;
Whate'er my talent be,
Let me be generous, free;
And if perchance reproached, let me not heed the smart
But show in all my intercourse a kind, forgiving heart.

A heart to share the sorrows, a heart to wipe the tear,
A smile to soothe the downcast and calm the rising fear;
An earnest prayer for those
Bowed with a thousand woes.
With tender words and deeds, so may I thus impart
The sincere benedictions of a loving, gentle heart.

A MARVELOUS FAITH-CURE.

ONE evening last summer a thirteen-year-old boy of one of the Elders in a settlement not far from Ogden led a horse to water, and as he was returning from the creek he passed along by a high board fence, on the other side of which another boy was passing. The latter saw a pitchfork lying in his path, and without looking to see if any person was on the opposite side, seized and threw it over the fence. Just at this instant the boy with the horse came up, and one tine of the fork penetrated his right front side. The weight of the fork then caused it to fall to the ground.

The wounded boy staggered about for a short time and then leaned against the fence until carried to the house.

Externally there was no bleeding, but internally the hemorrhage was so great and rapid that he was threatened with suffocation. The father arrived shortly after the accident and found the boy gasping for breath, and to all human appearance about to die. He immediately called in other Elders and they together administered to the boy.

In the meantime a message had been sent to Ogden and two physicians came in response to the summons. They carefully examined the wound and announced that the sufferer could not possibly live, and the best they could do for him was to administer an opiate and relieve him of the intense pain until he passed away.

A sister of the wounded boy, who had already been earnestly praying in her room for his recovery, heard the doctors' statement but was not convinced of its truth. She exclaimed, "Well, he can live," and then ran upstairs to continue her prayers for the boy's recovery.

The father told the physicians that if they

had no more consolation to give than this announcement, they could go, as he would not allow them to administer any drugs. After they had gone the Elders several times anointed and administered to the afflicted one, and in five hours after the accident he had such relief that he fell into an easy slumber and rested peacefully the whole night.

The next morning one of the doctors heard of the marvelous change for the better in the boy's condition and hastened to his bedside. He asked him if he would take some medicine,

but the boy answered "No." The physician looked nonplussed for a moment, then took his hat and walked from the house without a word. He never rendered a bill for services, nor did he ever refer to the remarkable case in the presence of any who were acquainted with it.

The boy recovered immediately, and the evening after the accident was out doing his usual chores. Thus was the faith of this family greatly increased in the power and willingness of God to save. *Joe.*

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

TUNING EXERCISES.

TUNING exercises, are for the purpose of teaching voices singing different parts,

EXERCISE 33, KEY C.

Treble	:	:	:	d' :—	d' :—	t :—	d' :—
Alto	:	:	m :—	— :—	m :—	r :—	m :—
Tenor	:	s :—	— :—	— :—	s :—	s :—	s :—
Bass	d :—	— :—	— :—	— :—	d :—	s ₁ :—	d :—

EXERCISE 34, KEY E. Softly.

m :—	d :m	s :—	t ₁ :—	r :—	s :—	s :—	m :—
d :—	— :—	— :—	— :—	— :—	d :m	r :—	d :—
s :—	— :—	— :—	— :—	— :—	s :—	t :—	d' :—
d :—	m :d	s ₁ :—	— :—	s :—	m :d	s ₁ :—	d :—

EXERCISE 35, KEY F.

EVENING.

m :d :r	m :m :d	r :t ₁ :d	r :— :—	s :r :m	d :s ₁ :s ₁
Evening is falling to sleep in the west.	d :d :t ₁	t ₁ :s ₁ :d	t ₁ :— :—	Lulling the	golden bright
Now all the flowers have gone to re- pose.	s :s :s	s :s :m	s :— :—	All the sweet	perfume cups
Sleep till the flowers shall o - pen once more.	d :m :r	d :d :d	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	Sleep till the	lark in the

s ₁ :d :t ₁	d :— :—	r :— :m	d :— :—	r :— :m	d :— :—
meadows to rest.	Sweet - ly	sleep,	sweet - ly	sleep.	sleep.
s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :— :—	:	t ₁ :— :t ₁	d :— :—	d :— :—
gracefully close.	Sweet - ly	sleep,	sweet - ly	sleep.	sleep.
m :m :r	m :— :—	:	s :— :s	m :— :—	m :— :—
morningshall soar.	Sweet - ly	sleep,	sweet - ly	sleep.	sleep.
s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	d :— :—	:	s ₁ :— :—	d :— :s ₁	d :— :s ₁

to study one another, and to chord well together.

The following exercises should be sung very softly, first to the syllables, and then to *la*, the singers listening to each other:

The medium accent may be explained in the following manner.

The teacher will sing a tune in two-pulse measure, making the strong accents a little heavier, then sing the tune again and render every alternate accent with less force than the strong accent and a little more force than the weak accent, the pupils repeating.

EXERCISE 36, KEY G.

$\dot{d} : m \mid \dot{d} : m \mid s : m \mid m : d$
 $\mid t_1 : r \mid t_1 : r \mid f : m . r \mid m : - \parallel$

The pupils will now understand that two two-pulse measures make one four-pulse measure, by the introduction of the medium ac-

cent and two three-pulse measures, take the form of six-pulse measure in the same manner.

In four-pulse measure, the accents are arranged as follows: strong, weak, medium, weak, and six-pulse measure strong, weak, weak, medium, weak, weak.

The medium accent is indicated by a short, thin bar.

The following exercises may now be practiced from the teacher's pattern first to the time names and then to *la*.

In *Taataing*, the loud accent is indicated by the use of the *r*, in *Taa*: *Traa*, and the medium accent by *l*, in *Taa*, *Tlaa*.

EXERCISE 37

Four Pulse Measure.

$\{ \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \parallel$
 $\{ \mid traa \mid taa \mid tlaa \mid taa \mid traa \mid taa \mid tlaa \mid taa \mid traa \mid taa \mid tlaa \mid taa \parallel$
 $\{ \mid : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid 1 : - \mid - : 1 \mid 1 : 1 \mid - : - \mid 1 : - \mid - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid taa \mid traa \mid taa \mid tlaa \mid taa \mid traa \mid aa - aa \mid taa \mid traa \mid taa - aa - aa \mid traa \mid aa - aa \parallel$

EXERCISE 38,

Six-Pulse Measure.

First slowly beating six times to the measure then quickly beating twice.

$\{ \mid 1 : 1 : 1 \mid - : - : - \mid 1 : 1 : 1 \mid 1 : - : - \mid 1 : - : - \mid 1 : - : - \mid 1 : 1 : 1 \mid 1 : - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid traa \mid taa \mid taa - aa - aa \mid traa \mid taa \mid taa - aa - aa \mid traa - aa - aa \mid taa - aa - aa \mid traa \mid taa \mid taa - aa - aa \parallel$
 $\{ \mid : 1 \mid 1 : 1 : 1 \mid - : 1 : 1 \mid 1 : 1 : 1 \mid - : - : 1 \mid 1 : - : - \mid - : - : - \mid 1 : 1 : - \mid - : - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid traa \mid traa \mid taa \mid taa - aa \mid taa \mid traa \mid taa \mid taa - aa - aa \mid taa \mid taa - aa - aa - aa - aa - aa \mid traa \mid taa - aa - aa - aa \parallel$

EXERCISE 39, KEY G.

ROUND IN TWO PARTS.

$\{ \mid m : m : m \mid r : r : r \mid s : s : s \mid m : - : - \mid d : d : d \mid t_1 : t_1 : t_1 \mid s_1 : s_1 : s_1 \mid d : - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid \text{Cheerfulness cometh of} \mid \text{in - nocent song,} \mid \text{Let us then sing as we} \mid \text{journey along} \parallel$

EXERCISE 40, KEY F.

ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

$\{ \mid s : s : s \mid s : - : - \mid m : m : m \mid r : - : - \mid d : d : d \mid t_1 : t_1 : t_1 \mid d : - : d \mid s_1 : - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid \text{Come ye away} \mid \text{come ye away,} \mid \text{This is a very fine} \mid \text{summer's day;} \parallel$

$\{ \mid d : - : m \mid r : - : - \mid d : - : d \mid t_1 : - : - \parallel$
 $\{ \mid \text{Come} \mid a - way \mid \text{Come} \mid a - way. \parallel$

EXERCISE 41, KEY G.

ROUND FOR THREE PARTS.

$\{ \mid d : r \mid m : m \mid r : r \mid m : - \mid m : r \mid d : d \parallel$
 $\{ \mid \text{Strike the} \mid \text{i - ron} \mid \text{while it's} \mid \text{hot!} \mid \text{Act at} \mid \text{once np-} \parallel$
 $\{ \mid t_1 : t_1 \mid d : - \mid s : - \mid s : - \mid s_1 : s_1 \mid d : \parallel$
 $\{ \mid \text{on the} \mid \text{spot.} \mid \text{Strike!} \mid \text{strike!} \mid \text{fal - ter} \mid \text{not.} \parallel$

For Our Little Folks.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party ;
 The leaves by hundreds came—
 The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
 And those of every name.
 The sunshine spread a carpet,
 And every thing was grand,
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed ;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best,
 And balanced all their partners,
 And gayly fluttered by ;
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollows
 At "hide-and-seek" they played.
 The party closed at sundown,
 And everybody stayed.
 Professor Wind played louder ;
 They flew along the ground ;
 And then the party ended
 In jolly "hands around."

start with their families in the following spring for Upper California.

2. What did the mobbers agree to do in the meantime, if the Saints would move in the spring? A. To not molest them during the time they were making preparations for their journey.

3. Were they true to their agreement? A. No; they continued in their lawless course, burning the homes of the Saints in the outlying settlements and vexing their leaders with law-suits.

4. Who took an active part at this time in defending the Saints and in trying to put a stop to the depredations of the mob? A. J. B. Backenstos, the sheriff of Hancock County.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 18, Vol. 25: Sophronia Wood, Rebecca C. Allen, C. E. Wight and Henry H. Blood.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No. 18.

1. WHEN it was found that the Saints could not be permitted to live in peace where they were, and no state in the union offered them any protection, what did the Twelve Apostles in council decide should be done in order to obtain a place of refuge for the Saints? A. That three thousand able-bodied men be selected to

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

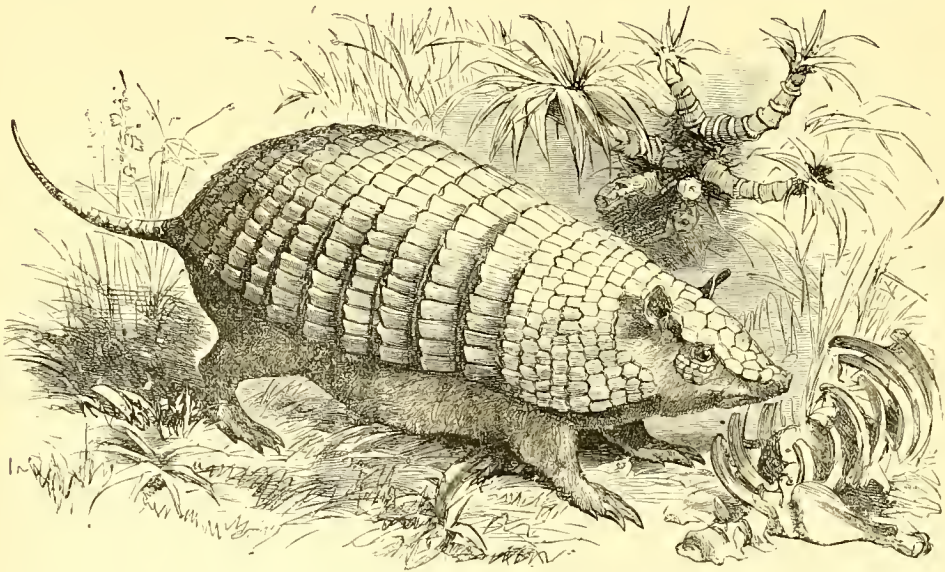
1. WHILE the Saints were making preparations for their journey westward what news reached them from Washington, in December, 1845? 2. What did President Young assure the people at this time? 3. When was the removal of the Saints commenced? 4. Where did the people gather as they crossed the river?

THE ARMADILLO.

THE odd-looking animal you see in the picture is called the armadillo. It is so named because it is covered on the back with scales that look like the armor that soldiers used to wear in olden times. There are several different kinds of armadilloes, but they all look much like the one here shown. The hard, scaly covering on these animals is very useful to pro-

These animals are awkward and clumsy creatures. They have narrow, snouted heads like a hog, short, strong legs and long tails.

The armadilloes live on worms, beetles, ants and such-like insects, as well as fruits and leaves. Their size is from seventeen inches to three feet in length, from snout to the tip of the tail. Their home is in South America; and the natives there are fond of the flesh of these animals.



THE ARMADILLO.

tect them from other animals when attacked. At such a time they roll themselves up in a ball and are then secure from their enemies.

All kinds of armadilloes cannot roll themselves up in a ball, but they have other ways of escaping from their enemies. One kind can dig a hole in the ground the length of its body in three minutes, and if the ground is soft in still less time.

PERILS BY ICE.

A FATHER once in a vain attempt to cross the river with his family while the ice was breaking up, was drowned by the upsetting of his boat, and his wife and babe were cast upon a low island, over which the water was slowly but surely rising. A lad saw their danger, and at the peril of his own life crossed the ice, which was crushing and grinding down the river,

to their rescue. He took a plank with which to span the yawning chasms between the ice cakes, and a basket in which to carry the babe. He succeeded in his perilous undertaking and brought the two in safety to land.

A good many years ago, a slave-mother, fleeing with her child before the slave hunter, crossed the Ohio while the ice was breaking up. She had not even a plank with which to bridge the space between the cakes of ice, but holding her babe firmly in her arms, she leaped from one ice block to another as they went plunging down stream with the current, and reached the other side in safety, while the slave hunter watched her from the opposite shore, not daring to follow. This incident was afterwards made use of by Mrs. Harriët Beecher Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

THE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

THE two little pieces below were written by very young girls. One of them tells how she amuses herself and her playmates, and the other tells about her doings when on the Sandwich Islands, where she has been with her parents who were there on a mission. Both stories are very nice and you should all read them.

HOW TO AMUSE OURSELVES.

MY AUNTIE asked me to write a story to the juveniles and tell them

something about myself and how to amuse some of the children. There are a great many ways to amuse ourselves if we only think. There is one way in which I amuse myself more than any other way. I cut out paper dolls and make little houses for them to live in. In this way I have a very nice time. I cut my dolls out of mamma's magazines and old catalogues, and cut my tables and chairs out of stiff paper and take pieces of wall paper for the carpets.

I play some pieces on the piano, for I love music and am anxious to learn.

I have a doll with which I play a great deal of the time, and make clothes for it. I have a sister in Salt Lake City and she comes to see me quite often and we have a very good time together; and I go to see her sometimes. I have an auntie there and some cousins also, and when I go there I have a good time and I think I am very well off, for I have a good mamma and papa, and I pray for them every night, and I hope you do the same.

With this I will close, hoping it will do you all some good to read it.

Eva M.

ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I AM a little girl nine years old. I am not old enough to read the JUVENILE, but my mamma has read it to me since I was four years old. I love it very much. I like to look at the pictures.

When I was on the Sandwich Islands I used to go in bathing with my mamma and papa, and would gather the shells on the seashore. Sometimes I would go and eat with the natives, and I would have some poi and beef and salt. I would like to sit and talk with them. Sometimes we would go together and gather shells and spiders on the seashore.

I can write better than I can read, for I taught myself to write two years ago so I could write to Utah.

Dear children, I send you all my love, and hope you will write letters to our paper so I can read them.

Lulu G.

A LOVER-LIKE QUESTION IN CHURCH.

WE WERE sitting in Sacrament meeting,
The elder had blessed the bread ;
My six-year-old Evan beside me,
Still reverently bowed his head.

So quiet he sat that I wondered
What idea his mind could fill,
For usually he is so active,
It is hard for him to keep still.

He lifted his face and asked me,
While I looked in his earnest eyes,
A question I scarce could answer,
It took me so by surprise.

As I bent my head low to listen,
To what his query would be,
He whispered, "Which do you love best,
Mother—the Lord or me?"

Was it not a lover-like question,
To startle a mother, and cause
A solemn and careful reflection,
And, ere she could answer, a pause ?

But only a moment I waited,
Then into his ear whispered, thus,
"We must all love the Lord best, my darling,
For He gives all good things to us.

"The Lord, and Jesus our Savior,
These two we must always love best ;
And next, you children and papa
I love the most—you with the rest."

A look of sweet, loving reflection,
In the hazel eyes, dreamy and deep,
Still hung, till, his head drooping towards me,
They closed in soft, innocent sleep.

Smithfield, August 29th, 1890.

Lula.

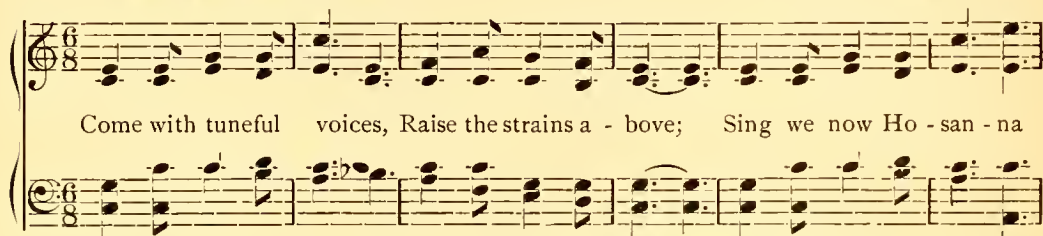
LONG LIFE.

BIRDS are, ordinarily, exceedingly long-lived. The swan, it is asserted by means of unquestionable records, has been known to exist three hundred years. A sea eagle, captured in 1715, then already several years of age, died a hundred and four years afterwards, in 1819 ; and a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, having passed a hundred and eighteen years in captivity. Numerous ravens and paroquets have been known to live a hundred years and over. As with most birds, magpies live many years in a state of freedom, but do not reach over twenty or twenty-five in captivity. Caged canary birds live from twelve to fifteen years ; but those flying at liberty in their native land reach a far more advanced age.

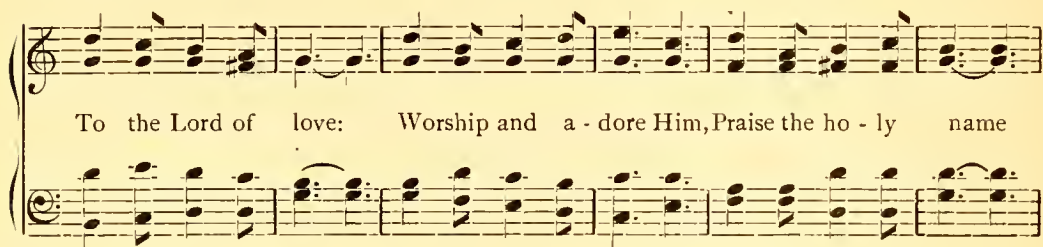
COME WITH TUNEFUL VOICES.

WORDS BY MRS. MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

MUSIC BY S. MCBURNEY.

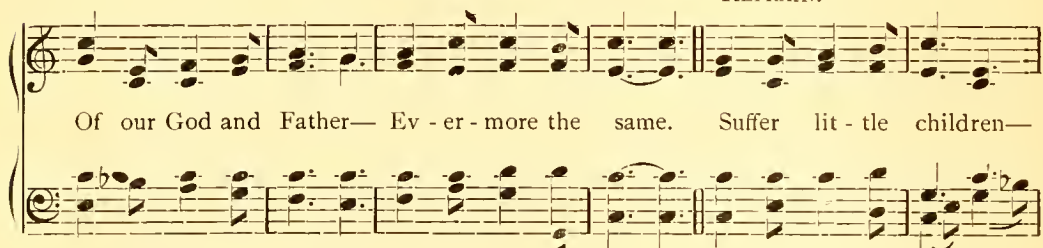


Come with tuneful voices, Raise the strains a - bove; Sing we now Ho - san - na



To the Lord of love: Worship and a - dore Him, Praise the ho - ly name

REFRAIN.



Of our God and Father— Ev - er - more the same. Suffer lit - tle children—



Let them sweetly sing; Raise we Hal - le - lu - jah To the children's King.

'Tis our festal ev'ning;
 Thanks we render here,
 That our Lord hath led us
 Through another year;
 And our ranks are swelling,
 And we surely know
 God the Lord will bless us
 As we onward go.

On we go to conquer
 By the Savior's might;
 'Mid the shades of darkness
 We would bear the light;
 Master, now we thank thee
 That to work so grand
 Thou dost call the children
 Over all the land.

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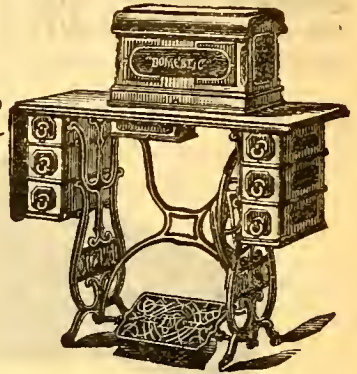
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1 30 p. m.	2 15 p. m.	† 2 55 p. m.	† 4 55 p. m.
2 45 p. m.	3 30 p. m.	5 10 p. m.	5 55 p. m.
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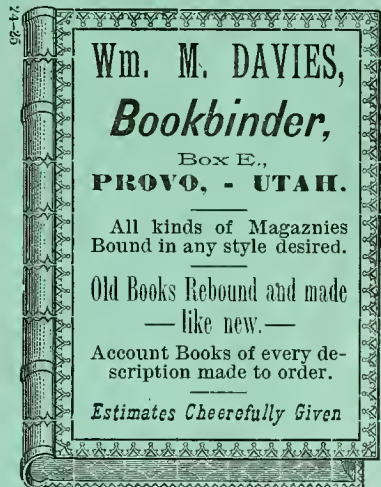
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